

THE
Johnson Journal



June, 1948

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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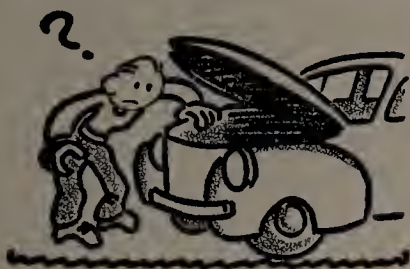
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EDITORIAL

WHAT HIGH SCHOOL HAS DONE FOR ME

High school has taught me how to act, play, and work with others. These are some of the things which are necessary for a happy and successful life. My subjects and the books that I have read, have taught me about the world in which I live. Staying after school has taught me discipline and good habits. The necessity of arriving on time in the morning with my studying all done has taught me to never let things go to the last minute. Another thing that high school has given me is the sense of being part of a community where everyone recognizes his duties and obligations.

R. A. DeAdder, '49.

A PUBLIC PLAYGROUND, OR THE STREETS?

The people of North Andover have been fighting vigorously to get a playground. The playground, if it is established, will be of great benefit to the poor people. Children will be off the streets. They will not be out committing crimes. People will not have to pay doctor's bills for their children's getting struck by automobiles. They won't have to pay the next door neighbor's daughter \$5.00 a week to watch their youngsters.

The richer people can give their children anything their hearts desire. They have big estates to keep

their children on. They have playthings to keep the child's interest so he will have no desire whatsoever to leave home. If the rich people were in a different position, they would see the immediate need for a playground.

When the election comes up, vote yes for the public playground. Save the life of a possible future world leader. Possibly save the life of your own child.

Gordon Marshall, '49.

A NEW HIGH SCHOOL

Anyone who has seen our high school knows that our building is overcrowded. We have a fire drill which works very successfully as long as there is no fire. If some day there should be a fire near one of the stairways, there would be much confusion and excitement which would cause more than one to die. In other words, the school is a fire trap.

A person often in the winter finds a room like Room 15 sixty-two degrees by a thermometer while another room like Room 6 is eighty. This, naturally, is healthful!

Johnson turns out A students, but to look at the school you would never guess it. North Andover lost a golden opportunity to receive help from the W. P. A. Although the tax rate is high, it is the opinion of the writer that

North Andover should wake up and build a new high school. Don't you agree?

John Pearson, '49.

VACATION

All the boys and girls in school are looking forward to the summer vacation. Sitting in a hot, uncomfortable room trying to get the lesson, is to some students out of this world. I find it more difficult to study when the warm weather arrives, and I sit there thinking of the fun I will have when at my cottage at the beach. Thinking of some joyful activities takes the strain off the dull atmosphere.

As the last six weeks roll around, we lazily crawl around the school wishing to be anywhere else. Those last six weeks seem like six months. We sit in class and look dreamingly out at the bright outdoors with its trees in full dress and the birds singing happily. Once in awhile, of course, we have a rainy day, and do not mind the grind in school, but are glad to be in looking out rather than out looking in! Baseball after school every day makes it better also. A group of boys are happy getting together and playing for one another. The cooperation and teamwork is what makes a winning ball club.

We are glad the summer vacation is coming, but when you get down to it, we like school just the same. Some older people have told me that going to school is the best time of my life. I am inclined to agree!

Richard Hilton, '49.

DYEING FEVER

Why must people try to change the color of their hair? Up until youngsters are high-school age, they are usually content with their own natural colors, but around that age

something snaps inside their minds and they get that desire to look different, exciting, glamorous. At least that's what they think they look. To people who have the misfortune of looking at them, they are anything but glamorous.

Take the case of Susie M. She was quite attractive, but she thought her hair was not the color it should be. She really had pretty brown hair, but the "Dyeing Fever" struck her. Now she thinks her hair is bee-yoot-i-ful, and when people stare at her, she knows it's just because of her hair. How right she is! But it's not because they like her hair; they really are laughing at it. You see Susie has a nice dark complexion and that queer shade of yellow just makes her look ridiculous.

Another case is the older woman with white hair. Don't ask me why, but they always seem to pick red dye. They really look queer with their old, wrinkled faces and bright red hair. Maybe they wouldn't look so frightening if the red hair were all one color, but usually it is five or six different shades, and quite often with a little bit of tell-tale white hair in places.

Some young girls with really beautiful hair decide that men like "beautiful blondes," or that most glamorous people, like models and movie stars, are blondes, so they just have to be blondes, too. Personally, I can't see anything glamorous at all about most blondes. Their make-up is usually too dark or overdone.

Why don't the girls and women of today realize that to be really attractive is to be yourself, a natural, healthy American?

Priscilla Cole, '49.



LITERARY

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

Whenever a large gathering of people are assembled, or for that matter, any number of people, one subject is bound to pop up. That dread and much talked about subject, operations! I have never had one, but I already know fifteen ways people have had an appendix removed.

Men are no exception to this rule; after all, their operations are important too! Let us listen to the members of the Gabby Bridge Club, just for fun.

Mrs. X starts to tell how Junior had his tonsils out, but gets no further than the operation room, when—"but my dear—did you hear? I had my appendix out! It was ten years ago, but I remember it as if it were yesterday!"

Our friend has just come out of ether when her partner across the table gushes forth about how terrible daughter's tooth abcess was. And so it goes, around the table, appendix, tonsils, cuts, abcesses, infections.

"Which doctor did you have?" "Yes, he is good, but the children like—" "Oh, but isn't Doctor Brown handsome? When I came out of ether he told me what a brave person I was to take the ether so nicely!"

Why, oh why, do people go on about their operations? Sooner or later someone will have one worse than theirs, or make it seem so.

After the operations have been mauled, picked apart and put back together again, we go on to the details, the length of scars perhaps,

and most important—how I felt when I had to take ether.

Now, please tell me one thing, who cares? If you were still in the hospital, it might be one thing, but ten years after—what a waste of breath. I truly believe that doctors have it over patients; they usually know of an operation much more serious and complicated than that of Mrs. X.

But there is one phase of that process which no one talks about. Well, how did you feel when you found out it was necessary to have an operation?

Constance Chadwick, '49.

THE REIGN OF TERROR

Insurance companies are expecting to do a thriving business in a once peaceful village, which now lies quivering in terror. The reason? *I* am learning to drive.

Let me take you on one of my less eventful excursions.

My brother and his friend got hesitatingly into the car, remembering that they hadn't nine lives like a cat. And who should be standing in the doorway, but my mother!

That beast of a car double crossed me before we could even get out of the yard. It simply would *not* start. How was I to know the ignition wasn't on?

Finally, with much noise, the car leaped out of the yard, barely missing a tree, which decorates the driveway. The car had such extraordinary leaping powers, that before I knew it, we had landed in the grass on the other side of the road.

By some mystery the car started once more, and we were on our way. The car, of which I speak, has a fondness for veering all over the road, but in spite of this difficulty, we soon neared our destination, which was the village church.

My brother casually mentioned that it might be a good idea to put on the brake before turning into the drive. Imagine my surprise when I did this rather suddenly, I must admit, to find our friend halfway into the front seat.

Through some strange process the car was finally parked.

It seemed only fitting when we entered the church, to give thanks for being alive.

Judith Chadwick, '49.

TRIALS OF A BABY SITTER

I love kids. I can't deny it; but, occasionally they get on my nerves, and this is unfortunate because they always seem to act up when I'm minding them.

Take the other night. I arrived there and was told that Marcia was asleep. I settled myself down with my French and prepared to do my homework.

"Can I have a cookie?" issued from Marcia's room. I got the cookie.

She said, "Chocolate keeps me awake." So I got vanilla, and she went to bed.

Half an hour later I heard, "Vanilla keeps me awake, too," and she marched into the living room.

"Go back to bed," I yelled. She ran into the kitchen and was practically in the icebox when I arrived. I picked her up and put her very gently into bed. Then I said, "Get out of bed again and I'll spank you!"

She retaliated with "My mother spansk harder than you." That left me at a loss. I'll try harder next time.

About 9:30 after an hour and a

half of quiet I heard footsteps. I said, "Are you asleep?"

She said, "Yes."

I replied, "What's in back of my chair?"

"Mrs. Mouse," came back the astonishing reply.

"Will you tell Mrs. Mouse to go back to bed?" I asked. By this time I could feel my hair turning grey, and I was getting madder every minute.

"She wants to kiss Nibs," (the dog) said Marcia.

She came out and kissed the dog. Then she walked over to me and said, "Tell me a story."

I told her five and put her in bed. I closed the door and she started to yell. I kept it closed and she kept on yelling. This went on for fifteen minutes. Then she fell asleep at last. But that's not all. When she fell asleep, Chris the baby woke up and I had to fix him. I ended up doing my French at ten o'clock and finished it in a spare.

Sheila Cronin, '49.

AT THE BARGAIN COUNTER

"Mother!" screamed Helen as she gaped anxiously in the opposite direction.

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed her Mother. She vainly tried to unclasp Helen's grip on her arm. "What is the matter?"

"Mother," Helen gasped again. "That counter over there is selling nylons for seventy-five cents a pair!"

"But you already have six pairs and we haven't bought the groceries yet. Come along now."

"But Mother, seventy-five cents a pair!"

Mrs. Douglas was half dragged to the bargain counter.

"That's mine!"

"I'll take these."

"Get your umbrella out of my eye."

"That's my foot you're on!"

The frantic, determined bargain hunters were fighting desperately for their purchases.

"Here I go! Stay here, Mother," commanded Helen. She plunged into the crowd, pushing her way toward the clerk.

"Here I am, Mother!" she yelled triumphantly.

"Helen, really I - - -."

"Well, Mother, I have three stockings already!"

"What good is the third one?"

"Ouch!" she shrieked, and dove for another. "I've got two pair now!"

"If you're going to get them — get them," pleaded Mother.

"But Mother," she wailed, "you have the money, I don't."

Her Mother sighed, set her load of packages down, rolled up her sleeves, and advanced bravely toward the crowd.

"Here I am," shouted Helen. "Where are you?"

"I'm *coming*, I'm - - - Lady! Your elbow is digging in my ribs!"

"Mother! I can't hold out much longer." Helen hung to the counter with her free hand.

"Well!" Mother took firm hold of the counter and handed Helen the money.

"Here you are, clerk. One dollar and fifty cents!"

A bedraggled pair struggled desperately out of the mob, and leaned against the post in the center of the store.

"Whew!" gasped Mother.

"Ditto," whispered Helen hoarsely.

Mother put on her hat and straightened her skirt. "Helen, look at your hair! It's a shambles."

"Don't look now, but yours is too," smiled Helen. "Mother you're a dear, thanks a lot."

They limped off together, Helen carefully carrying the nylons and

her Mother, staggering under the heap of bundles.

Elaine Perley, '51.

WAITING FOR A PHONE CALL

The phone rings. "I'll take it," you cry jumping up from your desk. You feel sure it's Mary calling to tell you what happened at your club today. She said she'd let you know as soon as she got home. You pick up the receiver with a breathless, "Hello." Then, with a disappointed tone, "Dad . . . just a minute please." You hand the phone to Dad with disgust. He'll probably talk for hours. You get back to your algebra, but just can't concentrate. He has been talking to Mr. Jones for five minutes now, and he knows you're expecting a call. So what if Mr. Jones does want to take out a new insurance policy? Save business for business hours would be your motto. Mary has probably been trying to get you for the last fifteen minutes. She knows how you are dying to hear the news.

At last! He's finally done. You wait expectantly for ten minutes. You begin to wonder. Finally you come to the conclusion that Mary has misunderstood and is waiting for you to call her. That's the answer. You race for the phone, and pick up the receiver. Oh no! It couldn't be—but it is. Old Mrs. Brown talking about her cats again. You put the receiver down with a loud bang, hoping she'll take the hint. Back to your algebra, but you make no progress. The example simply won't solve itself, and you're in no mood to do it. This suspense is getting you down. You try the line again. Still cats—you decide to wait no longer, but ask for the line with an "It's an urgent call." She hangs up obligingly and you dial Mary's

number. What? The line is busy. She's probably trying to get you.

You hang up, wait, then dial again. At last you have the line. You ask for Mary and her mother tells you she's gone next door on an errand. She'll call you when she comes back. You hang up. You're right back where you started from and have wasted an hour, but still you can't concentrate. You're on pins and needles waiting for that phone to ring. And you still have to finish your algebra.

Jacqueline Meserve, '49.

DOWN THE SLIDE

"C'Mon, Tippie, Tippie, Tippi," I cried coaxingly, standing knee deep in the water at Cobbett's Pond one summer about three years ago.

Tippie wandered restlessly up and down the long wharf which stretched far out into the water, and gave me a dubious glance.

"C'mon, Tip," my brother urged, and almost unable to resist our coaxing voices, Tippie raced desperately along the edge of the wharf.

"Aw, c'mon," we both pleaded, and unable to withstand this united plea, Tippie gave one sprawling leap and belly-flopped into the pond.

He emerged, sputtering, and, shaking his head hopelessly, began to dog-paddle towards shore.

But I had a different idea.

"You don't want to go out," I assured him, pushing him gently, but firmly, towards the slide, now deserted by the noisy children who usually slid down its slippery surface into the comparatively shallow water of the beach.

Tippie was willing enough to head for anything that bore any resemblance to dry land, so I had little difficulty in persuading him to approach the slide.

Clambering up the wet steps of the slide I prepared myself for the difficult task of getting Tippie to come up, but to my amazement he trotted jauntily up, with the air of an experienced acrobat climbing the ladder to the trapeze.

Recovering from my surprise, I bellowed, "Look Tippie," and with a tremendous shove, hurtled down the slide and flopped into the water.

Tippie barked excitedly and crouched on the platform at the top of the slide. But in his excitement he came too close to the edge. His claws grasped the slippery surface desperately, but it was too late. To his surprise he sprawled awkwardly and shot down the slide. I caught just one glimpse of his indignant face before he hit the water. Doubling up with laughter, my brother and I watched his legs churn about, and with a final gasp saw his little nose poke itself above the surface. With a last look of disgust Tippie raced for shore, convinced that we had tricked him, and left us to laugh over the comical sight we had just seen.

Marjorie Terret, '51.

MIRACLE ON THE MOUNTAIN

The scene was the small town of Nicolosi in Southern Sicily. A party of mountain-lovers were preparing to climb Mount Etna, one of the few active volcanos left in the world.

The head guide for all tourist trips to the famous mountain was my great-grandfather, my grandmother's father. As the guests were preparing for their ascent, my great-grandfather went among his guests recording their names in a book which now belongs to the Alpine Club of Italy.

At last the group was ready for the ascent. They marched to the

foot of the mountain and began to wend their way upwards. When they had proceeded about two kilometers, the group heard a low, ominous rumble, coming from the mountain above. Seeing an old sheep herder's cave, my great-grandfather proceeded to direct the people into the cave for protection, but just as the last person had scrambled into the cave a boulder came tumbling down the mountain and pinned my ancestor down so that he was unable to move. Thinking that the few moments before the avalanche would be his last, my great-grandfather began praying.

But then a miracle happened. Instead of crushing my great-grandfather as he had expected, the avalanche suddenly was diverted from its path by unknown force.

The people of the mountain party who were in the cave saw that my ancestor was trapped and released him from the rock's crushing grip.

Having been released from the rock's grip my great-grandfather led the party down the mountain.

To his dying day my great-grandfather never forgot the "Miracle on the Mountain."

Anthony Galvagna, '51.

MY PAL

When she first came into the world, she looked like a small piece of black fur rolled tightly together. Slowly she untangled herself and tried to stand on her wobbly legs, but to no avail; they just wouldn't hold her up. Her eyes were tightly closed. She was a pitiful sight going around in circles trying to find her mother. But as time went on, like all things, she became larger. She could now walk and even run a little on her legs that were once like rubber. Her eyes, that were

once closed, widened little by little and now were fully opened. Soon she was leaving her snug home to explore the great world outside, but would return quickly upon a warning from her mother. More time passed. She continued to grow more in size and playfulness. She would spend hours pestering her mother each day until her mother could stand it no longer. Her only parent in the world left her to be on her own. It was a little while after this that I met her and fell in love with her. I pleaded with my father to adopt her, which he willingly did. So from that time on, she and I have lived very happily, I and my little black Cocker Spaniel.

John Arlit, '49.

WHALING

In the 1890's my grandfather was a sailor on a whaling vessel which travelled the seven seas catching whales.

When the ship which he was on was in the Arctic Ocean, they received a warning to get out of that area at once, for there was a storm brewing. Before they had reached the end of the storm area, they sighted another whaling vessel in the distance not moving. Thinking the captain of that ship had not heard the warning, the captain on my grandfather's ship headed toward the other. When they reached the vessel, they told the captain a storm was coming, but he did not wish to go. It seems they had just caught two large whales, and they didn't want to leave until they had gotten the oil from them.

Two weeks after my grandfather's ship had reached port, they received news that the ship that had heeded their warning had been sunk by an iceberg and all but four had been drowned.

Robert Banks, '51.

THAT'S LUCK

Don't you think it would be strange to be riding along on a highway and have a horse come tumbling over a rocky cliff on to the road in front of you? A few years ago I was visiting my grandmother in New Hampshire. The State had built a highway through the middle of her land. Instead of having the road go over a hill, they cut the road right through it. This left a rocky cliff of about forty feet on both sides of the road. I was in a house on one side of the road and on the other side my aunt was raking hay with a horse. At one time she ordered the horse to back up. Then when it had backed up enough, she shouted, "Whoa." When the horse didn't stop right away, she again cried "Whoa, Bess." The horse still didn't stop. She was alarmed, for the raker was nearing the cliff. She jumped off the raker. A moment later the horse went off. I had seen it fall, but had not seen it land. I didn't know what I'd find when I looked down at the road. Finally I got up enough courage and looked. To my astonishment the horse was standing on all fours and hadn't been injured.

Robert Banks, '51.

GREAT GRANDFATHER IMPROVES THE STREET

My great-grandfather was a man who was very much against misleading advertising, and therefore, as was practically bare as far as maple Avenue one day, he must have felt disgusted, — disgusted and ashamed. Our section of Maple Avenue was practically bare as far as maple trees were concerned.

True, there were trees at the top of the street, and trees at the bottom, yet from Stonington to Second Streets not a tree was to be seen.

A short while after that, he

planted trees in this district, digging the holes, putting the trees in, and caring for them.

They were small scrawny sticks then, but if great-grandfather could see them today, he would be filled with pride, for now they're tall, and stately.

In the summer, they give welcome shade, in spring they have a gay attitude, as buds burst forth from the chocolate colored branches, but it is autumn when they're best of all! Autumn, when leaves of every color drift lazily to the ground! Yes, great-grandfather would surely be proud of his trees now!

Mary Ann Maynard, '51.

SAILING

The sun was shining brightly as the girls watched their skipper step the mast on their sailboat the G. S. M. S. Lucky Lou. At the order of the skipper, the girls proudly set to the task of rigging their craft. They began by attaching the main sail to the boom and then hoisting it to the top of the mast. After making the main sheet fast, they proceeded to put up the jib sail.

The skipper then checked the girls' work, finding only one mistake, which was that the end of the main sail had been tied to the boom the wrong way. After this error had been corrected, the crew, which consisted of four Mariners and the skipper, prepared to start sailing. The rudder was fastened in place, and some other girls shoved the boat away from the dock. The bo'sun who was in charge of the tiller and main sheet, gave the order to drop the center board. After the center board was down, we sailed into the wind across the lake.

When we approached the opposite shore, the bo'sun gave the or-

der to come about. As we started to turn, the bo'sun called "Adalee," which in English means, "Duck your head."

It seemed as though we had just gotten on the lake when we had to go back to our dock and let another crew take over the boat.

Betty Cole, '50.

A PRODIGY

It is 7:45 P. M., Wednesday, April 21, 1948. At this moment I am entering the Lowell Auditorium to hear a symphony conducted by eight-year old Ferruccio Burco. I buy a booklet about his life and edge my way to the seat indicated on my ticket. The hall is brightly lighted. Since it is some time before the performance begins, I sit down and begin to read briefly about young Burco's life.

He was born in Milan, Italy. At the age of three his genius was discovered, when he was present at a discussion of music and showed a profound musical understanding. His first appearance was when he was four. He conducted a large orchestra. After that he appeared in many other symphonies in Italy, France and Switzerland. Before accepting engagements in Alexandria, Egypt, and in Buenos Aires, he wanted to visit the United States. He came here on January twentieth aboard the Sobieski.

He interprets the entire symphony by memory. His orchestra consists of seventy men. Burco acts as an average child and shows no sickening demonstrations of precocity. The critics say he is, indubitably, a child prodigy. He exhibits an exceptional power of the memory of selections of operas and symphonies, and not merely an indication of the ability to wave a baton in bringing out the notes and tempo.

At this point all the lights dim.

The noise of people scuffing down the aisles ceases and the loud hum of voices melts away. Then timidly into the spotlight steps Ferruccio Burco. A large round of applause follows.

His outstanding aspect is his long, brown, curly hair. He has a light, handsome face and is dressed in black shorts, a black jacket, a white blouse which matches his socks and black shoes. He seems small, especially in proportion to his men, some of whom are between forty and fifty. Flashes of cameras are seen as he raises his baton and starts directing the symphony.

The music is soft and sweet, but I am hardly aware of it. Every motion he makes further assures me of his genius, even though I know little about symphony.

Arthur Forgetta, '49.

A POLISH REFUGEE'S STORY

This is part of a story that a girl twenty years of age told me a few weeks ago. It is a true story about what she herself has seen and been involved in.

"The war broke out when I was only sixteen years old. We thought at first that war would be fun, for we had holidays and no school. Later when the Germans entered our town, they took away all our books, our clothing, except a few rags which they would permit us to wear, and most of our food and money. We soon discovered how horrible war is, and we used to hold secret classes so that we could learn.

"I joined the Polish Underground and found work caring for wounded soldiers in a German hospital. One night a group of injured soldiers were brought in for treatment. They were all supposedly Germans, but during the night I heard a delirious soldier talking in

English and knew he was an American. I immediately notified the Polish Underground. They said that they would dress as Gestapo and arrest us both, and then we could all escape. But during the night a nurse also found out about the American and about me and told the real Gestapo. Later on, some Gestapo soldiers came in and arrested us both. I didn't know if they were our agents or the real Gestapo. Outside they pushed us gruffly into a car, and as we hurried away one of them said to me: 'You can relax now. It's all over.'

"I burst out crying because I was so happy.

Once I was helping one of your American spies. Someone told the Gestapo, and he was taken prisoner and tortured. They cut out his tongue, beat him with a whip with hooks to grasp the skin from his bones, and ripped off his finger nails. Still he wouldn't give any information, so they cut off his legs and arms. He died from loss of blood, but without telling a single thing. I saw his body when they were through with it. It was not pink but a ghastly blue with parts of the flesh gone and bone jutting out, where the hooked whip had been used.

"I was in a prison camp where water was up to my neck. They fed us once a week through an opening in the wall of the cave which they used as a prison camp. The food was potato and bread which fell into the water. At first we refused to eat, because there were dead bodies floating in the water, too. But the second week we ate it, and by the third week we were all fighting over the food. I escaped from there with some friends, and we walked three hundred miles to the border and freedom."

She also told us that she was 5'7" tall, and when she reached the

border she only weighed 54 lbs. She had been tortured and knifed in the back once. She was a very interesting speaker and I wish that more could hear her.

Priscilla Cole, '49.

MY VISIT TO LESLEY COLLEGE

Open house at Lesley seemed like a good time for me to visit this college.

It is located in Cambridge very near Harvard University. As we approached the Campus, we saw that it was only a small college with one main building and other buildings opening into a quadrangle. This is a women's college which prepares a girl to teach nursery school, kindergarten and the primary grades. This college offers a four year degree course and a two year diploma course. It also has a two year Home Economics course.

After we registered, a friendly student was waiting to show us around. We first went into a room that had many displays showing the different phases of creative activity in children. There was a paper doll house large enough for me to stand up in. This was to show what the pupils can make with paper. In another room we saw many beautiful pictures that had been made by twisting paper certain ways to show different activities in the life of a child. We enjoyed a demonstration of finger painting. Gay paper maché animals (cows, elephants, dogs, giraffes) adorned many of the shelves. There were other displays which showed various life cycles. Pictures made from hammered brass were examples of handicraft used in primary grades. There were some food displays by the Home Economics students.

The afternoon was given to a

cussion forum on the topic: "Our concert by the glee club and a dischildren—slaves, criminals or citizens."

I felt this day was profitably spent. Anyone planning to enter this field of work would do well to consider this college.

Janet Knightly, '49.

SOME WALK!

As you near it, the tall, gray structure seems to grow with every step you take. You go through the park along a winding sidewalk until you come to it. As usual, there is a long line of people waiting to go in, so you wait for fifteen or twenty minutes. Or course you could sit down, but you might lose your turn. Finally the guard motions for you to come in. What a relief to get out from under that boiling sun!

You enter on elevator with a small group of people, and in a minute you have reached the top. The door opens and you find your-

self in a small room with windows on all sides. You go to one of the windows and look out. At each window there is a different view. From one you see the Lincoln Memorial, another the Capitol and the Jefferson Memorial. After you have seen everything, you decide to leave.

Since the elevator is so crowded, you walk down the 898 stairs. On the walls of each of the landings are a number of plaques, each given by one of the forty-eight states. The stairs are dimly lit and damp and it seems as if you have been walking down for at least two hours.

Finally you step off the last stair into the entrance and out into the bright sunlight. There is still a long line of people waiting to go in. As you walk by, they smile at you and you smile back. You have just walked down all 898 stairs of the highest work of masonry in the world, the Washington Monument.

Marie DeSimone, '50.



POET'S CORNER

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

The stage is set for spring time,
The place is anywhere,
The characters are the budding
trees
So recently brown and bare.

The other children of Nature's
realm,
Also play their part,
The green fields and the songs
of birds
That touch on every heart.

The babbling brooks that seem
to say
That spring is really here;
The ice and snow that covered
them
Are gone for another year;

The whispering wind just seems
to call
To you and me to follow
The little paths and wooded trails
That lead to every hollow;

The pretty May time flowers, too,
That add in their own way,
To make the spring time more
complete
And brighten up each day.

But this play isn't just fiction;
Its beauty is truly real.
"God's in his heaven. All's right
with the world."
Is the story the spring bells peal.
Edith Massey, '50.

VACATION

How really happy I shall be,
When I am down beside the sea.
I'll run along the golden sand,
The happiest person in all the
land.

No more I'll think of school and
books
Or worry how my homework looks.
I've no more use for school day
talk,
As down beside the sea I walk.

The happy hours I'll while away,
In sailing through each summer
day.
I'll learn to be a sailor true,
And sail the ocean deep and blue.
Joan Wild, '50.

A SUMMER BREEZE

The grass was growing tall and
brown;
The leaves were as still as mice.
The country was dressed in her
summer gown
When a breeze blew, not once,
but twice.
It stirred the leaves upon the trees,
And made the crickets squeak.
It made the grass ripple and wave,
Like blue water in a creek.
This tiny breeze, which makes
the trees,
Daintily move and sway,
Will, when the sunset tints the sky,
Whisper itself away.

Eunice Minzer, '49.

MY OLD WORK SHOP

When everything seems dull and
sad,
Or to my elders I've been bad,
There's one place where I always
stop;
That's at my old work shop.

I go there when I am blue,
And even when I'm happy too,
Yes, that's the place I always stop,
You know, my old work shop.

There're things in there that have
never been seen,
No never have been seen, by the
kind or the mean.
From the back door it's only a hop
And then I'm in my old work shop.
Robert Hagen, '50.

SHE SHOULD NOT STAY

(With apologies to
Sir Walter Scott's *Native Land*)

Breathes there a girl, with soul
so dead,
Who never to herself hath said,
"This is my own, my Johnson
High."
Whose heart hath ne'er within
her stirred,
When nine cheer leaders she
has heard
Praising the team, as it goes by?
If such there be, she should not
stay,
And share the honors day by day.
And go to dances, games, and such,
And mix with friends we like so
much.
Despite her marks on theme or
test,
Despite attendance and the rest,
She's lost a lot she might have had.
She's given nothing, good or bad.
There is no place for such as she,
For in our school we've loyalty.

Catherine Rose, '51.

VACATION

What a magic word is vacation,
It brings pleasant thoughts to
mind,
But first we must choose a location
Then leave all our troubles
behind.

Some may prefer the beaches,
Salt water and fiery heat;
To loll around and get a good tan,
What could be more complete?

Others may take to the mountains
To sleep and eat in a tent;
Swimming and fishing the whole
day through,
That makes a man content.

Some may visit down on the farm,
Where there are chores to be done;
But if you like to work and toil,
Farming can be fun.

A sightseeing tour in the city,
Is a memory you always will
treasure,
And the hustle and bustle of
every day life
Will certainly add to your
pleasure.

At any one of these places,
You could spend a fine vacation,
But first you hear the thoughts
I have,
That fill me with elation.

I'd like to take a motor trip,
And travel. What temptation!
Visit mountain, city, beach and
farm,
That's my idea of vacation.

Richard Dearden, '49.

FRIENDS

Of the many things to be treasured,
Friends should be valued the most,
For the person is really wealthy,
Who of many friends can boast.

In this world many things can be
bought for a price,
Not so with friendship true,
For he who is too easily won,
Is easily turned against you.

A true friend is one who knows
your faults,
But to him they matter not,
For he has many faults of his own,
Which he would like forgot.

There are very few who have this
trait,
And in your search for more,
Count yourself very wealthy
indeed,
If you have three or four.

Jacqueline Meserve, '49.

FRIENDS

How to test metals,
Who Dickens was;
How to type letters,
Chemistry laws.

Where Lee is buried,
Stories of old;
Secrets of science,
Why ice is cold.

When to use pronouns,
Why we use verbs;
How to make leg splints,
Cooking with herbs.

Of man's great wisdom,
This—a small look
It's easy to find
Through your best friend: —
a Book!

Constance Chadwick, '50

VACATION TIME

What care'st I if x and y
Add up to higher than the sky?
I do not mind if teachers find
I've not been sticking to the grind.
Why, you ask, this funny state?
Why, my friend, it's clear as fate,
Vacation time is here!

Do you think it bothers me to see,
The desks all empty, kids all free,
The dust collecting on the books,
The pupils out with happy looks?
You're wrong, my friend, indeed
you are,
For now we scatter, near and far,
Vacation time is here!

Marjorie Terret, '51.

SOPHOMORE MEMORIES

As I look back upon this year,
 And think of what I've attained,
 I know that I will always share
 The knowledge that I've gained.

And what I learned I know won't
 do,
 Why, it won't do at all,
 The subjects were so very few,
 The learning was so small.

But every place that I will go
 It's French I'll surely speak,
 And also I will always show
 In math I'm not so meek.

Each day I'll use biology,
 For it will come in handy,
 And also J. S. S. to me
 Will turn out very dandy.

Of course there's left but only one,
 It's English, you all know;
 When writing poetry was fun,
 And Shakespeare was the show.

And these are sophomore memories
 And learnings of the past,
 But these will be the vital keys
 To make our future last.

Dorothy Alvino, '50.

SCHOOL

School is a wonderful place to be
 On a cold winter day,
 But on a sunny, warm spring morn
 I'd like to have my way.

If I could, I would go traveling
 there,
 Among the woods and trees,
 To see the flowers springing up
 Between the old brown leaves.

But of course we have to stay
 right here.
 And study all our work,
 Until vacation time rolls 'round.
 Our studies then we'll shirk.
 Marilyn Caliri, '50.

MEMORIES

The summer sky is clear and blue,
 The meadow's fresh and green.
 Across the hills for miles and miles.
 Cool woodland can be seen.

Another season, long gone by,
 With bright winged birds and
 azure sky,
 Had stamped this picture in my
 heart,
 This memory will ne'er depart.

Each summer they are with me
 still,
 The winding lane, and rolling hill.
 I see the fragrant flowers in bloom,
 As I lie dreaming in my room.

Snuggled against one emerald hill,
 Was Grandad's ivy-covered mill.
 And running by, a babbling brook,
 Where I'd once sat with fishing
 hook.

Now, I am old and far away,
 And grown'ups aren't allowed
 to play,
 But I feel young when I recall,
 The summer times when I was
 small.

Ruth Sanford, '50.

SOPHOMORE LIMERICKS

There was a young girl named
 Ellen,
 Who wasn't good at spellin'.
 She spelled right wrong,
 And couldn't spell song.
 Her head was as thick as a melon.
 Marilyn Caliri, '50.

I once had a friend they called Jim,
 Who went down to the pond for
 a swim,
 And then like a clown,
 He wanted to drown,
 So that was the end of him.
 John Girard, '50.

There once was a cow named
 Mabel,

Who never behaved in her stable.
 Her owner got mad,
 Now Mabel's so sad,
 For Mabel's beef steak on the table.
 Herbert Hayes, '50.

A handsome young fellow named
 Bob
 Whom everyone thought was a
 snob,
 Thrilled every girl,
 And gave each a whirl.
 Boy! Did he have quite a job!
 Eva Lundquist, '50.

There once was a young boy
 named Lee,
 Who was fresh as a small child
 could be.
 Just for a prank,
 He jumped on a tank,
 And sailed joyfully out to the sea.
 Mae Murray, '50.

There was a wise saver called Jack,
 Who could never part with his
 hack,
 Til Phil went to touch
 The broken down clutch.
 Now Jack has the pieces to pack.
 Joan Richards, '50.

There was a young student named
 Finn,
 Who wore all the teachers' nerves
 thin.
 He wasn't a cad,
 Nor was he bad,
 It's just that he wouldn't give in.
 Ruth Sanford, '50.

There was a young lady named
 Jean,
 Who went out in the yard to clean.
 She raked at the grass,
 And watched the folks pass,
 And the worms stuck their heads
 up unseen.
 Ruth Thomson, '50.

There was a young girl named
 Rose,
 Who one day started to doze.
 When asked, "Do you know?"
 She replied, "Don't think so,"
 As her eyelids started to close.
 Edith Massey, '50.

There was a young girl named
 Rae Long,
 Who was learning to sing a song.
 She practiced all night,
 Till the neighbors took flight,
 And hit her on the head with
 a gong.
 Joan Wild, '50.



RECORD

GUIDANCE

The Guidance Department has been working in close co-operation with the Senior Social Science Department for the past few months. The Seniors already know about this work, but some of the underclassmen may be interested in the project.

A few months ago Miss Gillen attended the "National Conference for Guidance Workers," in Providence, Rhode Island and brought back some very worthwhile ideas. As the first step she gave all the students taking Senior Social special notebooks which contained information and questions about a

variety of occupations. These books contained the history, working conditions, advantages and disadvantages of many occupations; some of which we were interested in and had some information about and some of which were entirely new to us.

As the second step in this project each student had to give an oral report on the occupation of his choice. Of course this necessitated quite a bit of research and planning, but it was interesting work and most of the reports justified the time spent on them.

The Seniors want to thank the Guidance Department for this project and we feel that it was very helpful in acquainting us with new and interesting jobs in preparing us for the future.

Nancy Ballantyne, '48.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Now that the school year is almost over, your Student Council is through with its duties. We have had a very good year and have accomplished many things. We hope we served you fellow students faithfully and that you are fully satisfied. I would like to congratulate the under-classmen for their fine work and wish them luck with next year's Council. Also I would like to say that the seniors did well in showing leadership and good example to their fellow and younger members. In recognition of their fine work I would like to name the senior members of the Council that leave this year. They are: Pete White, Joe Guthrie, Elaine Champion, Jean Mahoney, Gus Weigel and Nancy Connell.

Joe Guthrie, '48.

MAY 7 HONOR ROLL

Five honors: Mary Clare Hickey, Louise Consoli, Leon Wood, Richard Jordan, Viola Nicosia, June

Schmottlach, Ruth Turner, Kay O'Keefe, Mary Finn, Justine Fitzgerald, Richard Ganley, Cornelis Heijn, Arthur Forgetta, Rosemary Macklin, Anthony Forgetta, Martha Seymour, Marjorie Terret, Rose Torrisi.

Four honors: Eleanor George, Joan Diamont, Janet Knightly, Joan Reilly, Ruth Sanford, Rae Long, Margaret Hickey, Dorothy Alvino, Barbara Watts, Margaret Willett, Mary Boyle.

Three honors: Nancy Ballantyne, Marie Broderick, Barbara Gillespie, George Clasby, Arthur Awley, Ethel Lambert, Dorothy Dushame, Jacqueline Meserve, Norman Humphries, Nancy Schuster, Edith Massey, Marilyn Chase, Marilyn Caliri, Mary Ann Maynard, Evelyn Roche, Joan Nery, Ann Hickey, Ellen Driscoll, Mary Gucciardi, Richard Hanson, Anthony Galvagna.

Two honors: Jean Mahoney, Laura Mangano, Shirley Wilcox, Nancy Connell, Helen Hilse, Anne Whipple, Vera Sullivan, Eunice Minzer, Mary Maude, John Pearson, William Smith, James Kennedy, Richard Hilton, John Kasheta, Eva Lundquist, Ernest Nelson, Helen Conte, Bertha Curry, Robert Dufresne, Catherine Rose, Marion Mozsenko, Noranne Mahaney, Irene D'Anjou, Robert Banks, Marjorie Kleiner, Lois Buchan, George Dolan.

One honor: Muriel Schofield, Patricia Currier, Margaret Twomey, Lucy Gucciardi, Joseph Winning, Marie Galvagna, Jessie Gucciardi, Elaine Champion Richard Gravel, Marjorie Lee, Ruth Davis, Charlotte Hutton, Judith Chadwick, Martha Kane, Constance Calabrese, Grace Petelle, Harold Bamford, John O'Melia, William Connell, Robert DeAdder, James Greene, Kathleen Donnelly, Barbara Stack, Beatrice McKinnon,

Douglas Robinson, Robert Hay, William Magowan, Albert Belanger, Beatrice D'Anjou, Jane Brown, Elaine Perley, June Stead, Richard Banks, Doris Jones, Lorraine Kelgin, Ann Gioco, Jean Calder, Jane Broderick, Barbara Deighan, Virginia Leman, Pauline Boeglin, Clarence Schiepers, Jack Callaghan, Richard Harvey, Frederick Marland.

EDWARD J. SARCIONE, JR.
(JOHNSON, '43)

TO REPRESENT US ABROAD

On July 1, my brother Edward will leave for Europe with a group of advanced students and teachers to help study the Marshall Plan in action. He has been chosen to represent Saint Michael's College in Vermont. They will visit such places as Belgium, France, Great Britain and the Netherlands. In addition, five field trips to critical areas will be the basis for on-the-spot seminars and group reports. The group will return on September 11 to have an examination on what they have recently learned about the Marshall Plan.

Arnold Sarcione, '49.

P. T. A. MINSTREL SHOW

It was Friday evening and everyone in the cast of the P. T. A. Minstrel Show was nervous. Five minutes till we had to go on stage. There were shouts of: "Is everything ready?"---"Have I got enough make-up on?" There was the call: "Curtain time." Every one was going on stage and whispering and there was the usual clatter of chairs as we stood upon the first strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." After we saw that the audience wasn't as big as we expected, some of the nervousness died down.

There we were, singing the opening choruses of "It's a Grand

Night For Singing," "When My Baby Smiles At Me," and "On The Board Walk In Atlantic City." Then came the entrance of the end men and the introductions. The end men then played "Alexander's Ragtime Band," with tambourines.

Next Edith Massey sang the "Dickey Bird Song" in her sweet charming way. As usual there was a joke and an end song. It followed the same routine all through the show.

We ended the show by giving Miss Shirley Wilcox a beautiful bouquet of flowers for her splendid playing of the piano.

Betty Weingart, '51.

JOKES

Mary had a little lamb,
A lobster and some prunes,
A glass of milk, a piece of pie,
And then some macaroons.
It made the naughty waiters grin
To see her order so,
And when they carried Mary out,
Her face was white as snow.

Little Bobby had been looking forward to meeting his cousin Peter for a long time, so no one understood it when he burst into tears when Peter came into the house. "What's the matter, dear?" asked his mother.

Said Bobby: "I thought he was going to be a rabbit!"

In the parlor there were three
The girl, the parlor lamp, and he.
Two is company and no doubt
That is why the lamp went out.

Exercise will kill germs, a doctor wrote recently. But he didn't say how you get the germs to exercise.

We are indebted to current programs and periodicals for our jokes.

'Ruth Turner, '48.

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